

The Student's Pen



April, 1935

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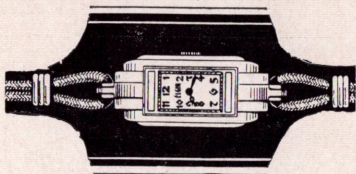
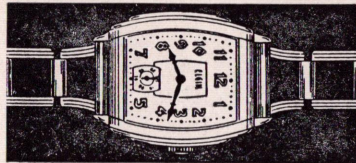
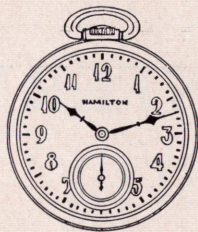
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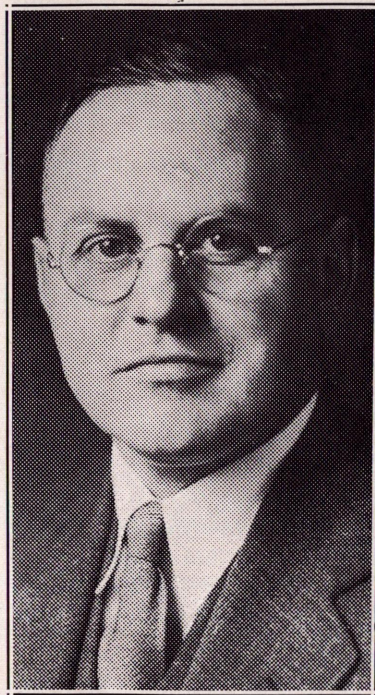
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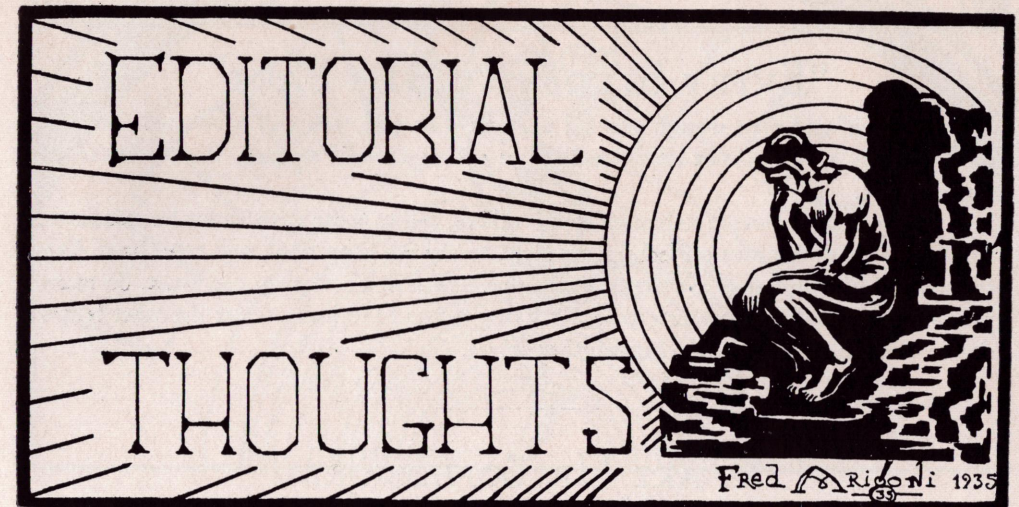


*We the Editorial and Business Staffs
of the
Student's Pen*

*Dedicate the April issue to the most capable
of business advisers,*

MR. JOSEPH C. NUGENT.

*Due to his practical encouragement and
untiring efforts The Student's Pen has
appeared regularly for six years and has kept
out of "the red" even during the depression.*



PUBLIC SPEAKING

NO one knows just when he may be called upon to address some group—perhaps the student body at an assembly program, perhaps a club meeting, or perhaps an English class. And it is occasions such as these that make one realize how important a knowledge of public speaking is. Nothing sounds worse than a poor speech; yet nothing sounds better than a good speech well-given. The power to think clearly on one's feet and to express clearly and succinctly the result of one's thought is of great benefit not only for those who are in the limelight of public or student affairs but for every pupil in every class in our school.

We were reading the other day about Demosthenes, probably the greatest orator the world has ever known. What particularly impressed us was the fact that as a young man Demosthenes was frail, awkward, and clumsy, lacking even the ability to make himself understood. And yet his name has become practically a synonym for eloquence. He determined to master the art of speaking, and he practised it until he had done so.

Any student in this school may learn to speak well in public, even as Demosthenes did. We have here two organizations especially designed to help pupils in work of this kind, the Debating Club and the Oratorical Contest. Each of them, in spite of the lack of general interest, is doing a real service in training students in public speaking.

If you feel that you need experience along this line—and most probably you will—join the Debating Club or enter the Oratorical Contest. What they offer is something not taught in the regular school curriculum, but nevertheless it is of the utmost importance. It will require a little extra effort on your part, but it will be well worth the while.

AN INTER-CLUB COUNCIL?

RECENT discussions have brought forth the possible advantages of an Inter-Club Council, consisting of representatives of the various P. H. S. extra-curricular activities, and designed for friendlier cooperation among them. Under such a club arrangement, the representative of the sports department would, for example, consult with the representative of the music club about music at basketball, baseball, or other games. In this way, a better acquaintance could be fostered among the clubs and subsequently more activities planned in which all these extra-curricular groups could participate.

What do the organizations themselves think of this proposition?

"EVERY STUDENT IN HIS PART"

AIM high, and even though you fail to reach your goal, you will have tried. Too frequently we shirk; not intentionally, but subconsciously we pass the burden on to someone else.

Every student owes it to himself, to his school, and to those with whom he associates, to be somebody. We owe our school the right to say we have tried, and tried hard. Our friends and acquaintances are dependent upon someone whom they can trust. So many people are slackers, not intending to be, but liking rather to sit back and let the other fellow do the work than to shoulder a burden themselves.

WAKE UP, SOPHOMORES!

THE upper classmen may call us children, but we aren't going to let this frighten us into hiding, are we? The day is long gone by since "children were seen and not heard." This is *our* school; it's the institution of every Sophomore B just as much as it is that of a Senior A, and it is our privilege and pleasure to take part in its activities.

Come on! let's see more poems and stories in THE PEN written by sophomores! Let's find tenth graders in debating club, orchestra, and band! It's our business to let the school know we're here and interested in what goes on within its walls. We'll make the Juniors and Seniors sit up and take notice.

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-FORTY

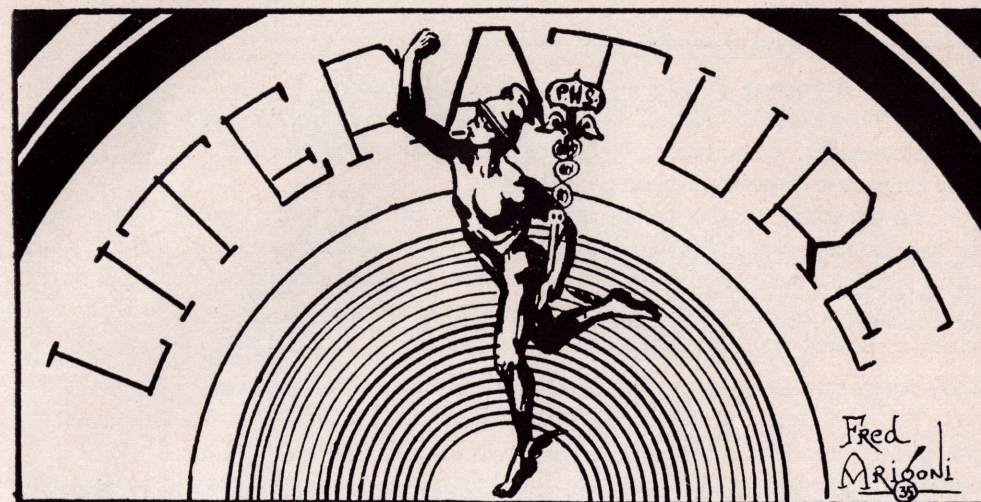
There are some who say in a frowning way
That school begins at half past eight,
And they often attempt to firmly fix
This fact in my rather tardy pate.

But when all is said, I stay in bed
Till the usual hour of eight o'clock;
And when all is said, I still remain
In my punctual high school's tardy bloc.

To the teacher's quiz my answer is,
"Why, life begins at eight-forty now."
But life or death means nothing at all
To one who has sworn a punctual vow.

So when all is said, I'll stay in bed
Till the usual hour of eight o'clock;
And when all is said, I'll still remain
In my punctual high school's tardy bloc.

Charles Kline, Jr., '36



IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

BEING a senior was an empty honor for Win Barry. His three years of high school life had been altogether too technical and test-tubish, just a maze of syntax and equation. It was simply a case of love locked out. All that was lacking was an epitaph, "Here lies love." But this was spring, and Win was not immune. His empty heart craved for a love other than the customary motherly pat on forehead and peck on cheek. He was too shy, bashful, and lonesome. Three years ago he had chosen the girl of his dreams, and since that time he had spied jealously at her every move. He didn't believe in starting with the Citrus sisters (lemons to you), or a periodic henna. No, sir, nothing but the best. He gazed longingly at her from afar, but this telescopic affair did not appease the gnawing hunger in his soul. She was the type of girl who inspired poetry and parodies to "You're The Top." Yet, in her presence he stuttered or stood mute, like a dummy who had lost his ventriloquist. This was a prelude to love. In spite of his inferiority complex, Win was determined to go blazes and show them his smoke. Where there's smoke there's fire, but Win didn't kindle much of a flame. Her arctic glances of snubbing aversion to his presence, something he had never been able to understand, just dwindled to mere indifference.

Win needed no parental prodding for that extra change of underwear, shirt, and socks. He was constantly polishing shoes, teeth, and hair. His use of soap was lavish and unmerciful. A whole cake of fragrant soap would be whipped up into a foamy lather and bubble down the drain. Between classes he made long detours to be included as background for the real object of her attention. Over the sea of rolling heads and somebody else's shoulder he would raise his own corklike bobbing top to get that tolerating glance. At such times her dazzling eyes simply devastated him.

His unrepaid amours, though not driving him as insane as the famous Hamlet, left him as forlorn as a vacant store window with last year's circus poster in it. He stopped bringing his lunch to school. He couldn't eat. She affected him that way. He couldn't eat, drink, study, or sleep a wink. At night he had her on his mind, and a pillow under it. When she was near him his heart-beat syncopated. She played blue notes on his heart strings. The little man had a busy day researching through all her likes and dislike. He aimed to please, but his marksmanship was nothing to throw clay dishes at. He was constantly rehearsing light banter for that day when he would need some meaty topic to gnaw to the bone with her. In fact, he thought he was the mint, always coining new words to express her charms.

Win's days were all harmony. He always had a tune on his lips, "Love, you funny thing." Then she said, "Hello." It was the very ecstasy of love. Win became haircut and profile conscious. At odd moments he practised a waltz with his shadow. In fact, he was near a mirror so often you'd swear he was twins.

As the spring weather became more and more like what spring weather should really be like, the ice broke, and Win fell in head over heels. Dates followed thick and fast, like a history quizz. The rest is history. His gait acquired a forceful and distinguished appearance, bordering on a strut. He no longer hung his head in humiliation. He could well afford to strut, if nothing else—the gentleman with a past. *Peter J. Barreca '35*

IN SLANDER'S FIELDS

(A story in two parts)

EVERYONE has a field. It may be law, medicine, finance, bootblacking, or bootlegging. Some people literally work in their fields, as farmers, or irrigationists, or baseball players. Some people fight in them as soldiers, or lacrosse players. Usually a person has the privilege of selecting his own field and continuing in that line of endeavor; it seems only natural that it should be so. After all, we are born free and equal. We have to suffer through this life, or smile—depending upon our mother-in-law!—we, at least, should have the right to choose our own line of endeavor.

But such had not been the case with Eenie Mason. Eenie Perritegg Mason—to give full discredit to his christening—God's gift to the women! The latest twentieth century streamlined model of the knight in shining armor, out to win ladies in armour. Now, as was said, Eenie had no choice about the matter of selecting his life's work, there was only one course open to him as a rescuer of fair damsels in distress—take it or leave it. He took it. He selected as his field, slander, or blackmail. Not as a dealer in it, mind you, for Eenie was a very righteous, Christian-like fellow—why, he always carried a pocket edition of the New Testament in left breast pocket (not that he ever read it, but, well, the thought was there!) he was, rather than a dealer in, a crusader against blackmail.

Which all goes to explain how it happened that a petite and very striking Titian-haired woman wended her way through the narrow, lengthy corridors of the Wentworth Building, one afternoon in May, and paused before a frosted glass window which bore, besides the number 311, the following inscription:

Eenie P. Mason

Extortion Investigator

Business hours 1-24

—Please Walk In

Betty Dixon, Eenie's pretty blonde secretary and personal confidant, announced her: "Another bird of prey to see you," she said perkily. "A Mrs. Cordell, and judging from appearances, she's a peacock!"

Eenie removed his feet from the desk, pulled up his tie, dropped the scandal sheet he was reading, into the wastebasket, put on his coat, and combed back his hair, seemingly all in one movement. "Bid her enter."

And enter she did—under full sail. A picture in colors such as would put the Aurora Borealis and the rainbow to shame. As if a dummy maker had accidentally spilled his pots of paints over a model, and it had suddenly become imbued with life, and had strutted forth to dazzle the world at large.

Eenie took one experienced, appraising look, gulped hard, and said:

"Good afternoon, Madame. Sit—"

Another gulp.

"—down."

She quickly seated herself, and leaned over the desk, sobbing:

"Oh, Mister Mason, I just had to come to you! I just wrote a few innocent letters, and now those men are trying to—trying to . . ." But here she broke into a spasm of tears and commenced to ruin a very dainty lace handkerchief by soaking it with very salty water and by wringing it violently with her hands.

But Eenie was hardened to this sort of thing. Tears are one of woman's most useful artifices, and well he knew it. Controlling himself, he told her:

"My dear Mrs. Cordell, please calm yourself. I am a very busy man," he glanced nervously at the scandal sheet in the wastebasket, "but I shall be only too glad to aid you, if you so desire. Now, will you kindly dry those tears that are ruining your makeup, and tell me why you are here." Very forceful and very tactful; Eenie smiled pleasantly.

"Well," she sputtered through the downpour, "it seems that—"

"Pardon me just a moment," Eenie interrupted, "I'll call my secretary."

In the outer office a pretty blonde secretary was gazing admiringly at a photograph of her rather handsome employer. She quickly replaced the photograph in a bottom drawer, however, when the employer's voice came over the dictaphone:

"Miss Dixon, will you come here, please?"

"I want you to take down Mrs. Cordell's story as she tells it," he said when she had entered, "and don't skip the details."

As if she would! Hmph! he always liked to act authoritative and dignified in front of prospective clients. As soon as they left, he would say:

"Well, Bets, let's go to work!"

And they would. For although she was employed as a secretary, Miss Dixon ("Bets" in private) filled the position of partner when they were on a particularly difficult case.

Mrs. Cordell's had the aspect of being one of those cases. Sparing the details that Eenie referred to, it seems that Mrs. Cordell had been carrying on an innocent correspondence with an old sweetheart. In those letters she had enclosed a number of affectionate phrases as "My dear," "You old darling," and the like—all simply as friendly means of expression. In some mysterious way, peculiar to their profession, a group of blackmailers had received wind of these and had ransacked Mrs. Cordell's apartment, taking the replies to those letters, which were also filled with affectionate phrases and touching reminders of days gone by. They had left a note commanding Mrs. Cordell, who was apparently of means, to leave the sum of five thousand dollars in bills of one, five, and ten dollar denominations, at a certain deserted house on the outskirts of town. They also warned her that if she did not comply with their wishes, they would disclose the contents of the letters to her husband. The letter was unsigned, but at the bottom of it was a peculiar stamp in the form of a hideous-looking dragon.

"But," Eenie told her, "surely your husband would understand the situation. It all seems very silly."

"That's because you don't know my husband," Mrs. Cordell replied, powdering her nose. "If ever there was a jealous man, it's he. And the worst of it is, the way those letters are worded, they might prove embarrassing unless one understood the facts surrounding them. Oh, I know they would have an awful affect on Archibald."

"They couldn't affect him much worse than having you around," Betty mused to herself.

"What's that, Miss Dixon?" asked Eenie.

"Oh, nothing—nothing. That is, I—ah—I was just repeating as I wrote."

Eenie scowled quizzically at her for a moment, but soon forgot the matter and turned to Mrs. Cordell who was sitting coquettishly in the chair in front of him:

"Very well, Mrs. Cordell," he said, "I'll take the case. This gang has caused a lot of trouble, and perhaps this will be the means of bringing them to justice."

"Oh, that's wonderful! I just knew you would take it! How are you going to start?"

"We'll start by going to your apartment and looking for evidence. That is, if your husband—"

"Oh that's all right, Archibald's out of town for a week on a business trip. That's why I dared come to you."

"Very well, we'll begin at once. Strike while the iron's hot, that's my motto. Let's go!"

Together they went to the door where Eenie took his hat from the rack. As they passed through the doorway, he turned to Betty:

"I don't know how long this is going to take, Bets," he said, "but I don't imagine I'll be back to the office today. You can lock up and go home, if you wish."

Betty glanced at the brilliant form of Mrs. Cordell, standing uncomfortably near Eenie and staring haughtily at her.

"Be careful about that hot iron business," she told him, "sometimes the iron gets too hot and then someone gets scorched!"

But Eenie only laughed and closed the door behind him.

Left alone, Betty grew silent and thoughtful. Slowly she rose from the chair and walked to the window. Wistfully she watched a very desirable young man help what she feared would develop into a too desiring young woman, into his car. She followed them until they were lost in the traffic, then she reluctantly turned back to the office. As she passed by Eenie's desk, her eyes caught the gleam of an object on the floor. She stooped to pick it up, and what she saw caused her heart to beat furiously with excitement. A cold, sickening presumption of fear enveloped her. Frantically she dashed for the telephone. . . .

* * * * *

"Well, I guess there's nothing more we can do now," said Eenie as he finished searching Mrs. Cordell's apartment. "I haven't found a blamed thing! We'll have to wait until the day you're supposed to—say, what day are you supposed to leave them that money?"

"The note said—"

"Yes, I know—don't tell me! Boy, have I been a colossal fool! That note said May 28—that's today. Quick, get me a pile of papers and a shoe box!"

Once these articles were in his possession, he commenced to fill the shoe box with the papers, and bind the box with pieces of cord. Finished, he turned to the bewildered Mrs. Cordell:

"Come on, sister," he shouted. "Let's be on our way!"

Darkness had fallen when they came in sight of the house specified by the blackmailers. There it stood, at the end of a long driveway filled with undergrowth—cold, bleak, weird, forbidding.

Eenie shut the motor off and parked the car in a clump of bushes. Then taking the prepared box, he and Mrs. Cordell advanced cautiously up the driveway.

"You'd better stay behind," he whispered, "they may be laying for us."

But she appeared not to hear him and asked:

"How are we going to do this?"

"We'll just leave the box on the porch, as they said. Then we'll hide. If someone comes out to get it, we'll race into town, get the police, and come back to arrest them."

There was no sign of a light in the house. There were no street lights around. The Supreme Artist had drawn a brushful of black paint across the sky. Therefore, they were practically invisible in the darkness. Eenie told Mrs. Cordell to wait at the bottom of the steps while he climbed the porch. Cautiously he placed the box on a shelf jutting out from the wall. He turned to walk back, and as he did so, looked instinctively at the sky—blackly mysterious.

But of a sudden, the sky became filled with stars. A dazzling light illuminated the night. Birds chirped merrily. Bells tolled. Whistles shrilled. Horns blared. Wheels went round and round. A low, monotonous hum filled the air, as if thousands of bumblebees were on parade. Eenie saw it all, heard it all; then he sagged to the floor in a limp heap. . . .

When he awoke, Eenie Mason was still in a daze as to what had happened. The best solution he could arrive at was that he had been struck on the head from behind, and had been dragged to this musty room in the cellar of the house. He was neither gagged nor bound, but across the room, sitting in a chair, was a burly Bohemian guard. According to the guard, Mrs. Cordell had also been captured, and was in a room upstairs. There must be some means of escape. But how?

In his chair, the big Bohemian, tired from worry and work, gradually, subconsciously slipped off to sleep. He dreamed of sunny farms in Bohemia and of those virtual paradises, the taverns where jolly fellows rallied 'round and downed their beer and ale. He saw himself raising a stout stein to his mouth. When suddenly a hand was clapped over that mouth. He awoke, and saw, standing over him, the grim countenance of his prisoner. He kicked. He squirmed. He fouled the hand over his mouth with stifled Bohemian curses which the chronicler's respect for the Ten Commandments and ignorance of the Bohemian tongue, forbid him to record. A conscious man was the Bohemian struggling in his chair. But unconscious was the Bohemian who entered, a moment later, the paradise tavern of his dreams.

Quickly, Eenie tossed away the chair leg, and dove for the door—locked! Resolutely he smashed his body against it, again and again, and finally succeeded in breaking it down. There was not a moment to lose; he must find Mrs. Cordell. Stealthily, he crept around the corner.

"Lookin' fer somebody?"

Eenie wheeled. There standing in front of him was a man. In one hand he held a flashlight, in the other, a long gleaming knife. He couldn't see the face because he was blinded by the flashlight, but he could hear the voice:

"Better say your prayers, buddy, 'cause this time you're not gonna get away!" Slowly, maliciously the man advanced toward him, wielding the knife wickedly in his hand.

Eenie thought of Mrs. Cordell—what would happen to her? He thought of Betty—after all his Betty.

"Goodbye, Bets," he breathed.

There was no means of escape. He was doomed! Horror-stricken, he watched the cold blade of steel, gleaming wickedly, gradually come nearer . . . nearer . . . nearer.

Then, from the depths of the house, and penetrating the clammy stillness like the shrill blast of a whistle, came the horrible, unearthly scream of a woman!

(To be continued)

Richard S. Burdick '36

TWO FOR ONE

SAMMY REYNOLDS says I show real genius when it comes to writing letters home asking for kale. He says there's more originality, more emotional appeal, more pathos, packed into one of those envelopes than in all the Shadow magazines he has ever read. (He's got one under his pillow now). But I'm no wizard of the pen—I even get rejection slips for some of the letters—and “Jolly” Rogers, my English prof, says he wears out ten red pencils correcting my themes. However, Nickey really should be written about. She seems somehow to belong in a story. Therefore, though deficient in the effrontery of Johnson, the analytical powers of Macaulay, the delicacy of Hawthorne, the thoroughness of Dickens, and the vocabulary of all, I submit my painful best.

“Nickey” most of the fellows call her, but some of the more downright come right out and call her Diz, which is short for Dizzy. She was christened Alicia Nicholls, and one of the fellows, after a date with her, said that she must have been rapped over the head with a bottle of champagne “like when they christen ocean liners”. She is like that though—I mean dizzy. Maybe it's because she's a blonde. Sammy says all blondes are lightheaded, which is maybe a good pun if you like puns, which I don't, so I socked him with a pillow.

Though sometimes they do it grudgingly, everybody admits that she is kind of cute. She gushes like a geyser over “great, big, strong men”, but she's small herself. Her skin is white like I guess the Venus de Milo's would be if she weren't just cold marble. Nickey's most dangerous weapons are big, round, soulful blue eyes that can melt the hearts of two hundred twenty pound tackles, frat men, book-worms, and even some of the profs. No, Nickey wasn't far away from the front row when they handed out looks.

At this time—the time I'm writing about—Nickey had two juniors mooning over her, which is nothing singular in itself, except that they were both amateur pugilists out for the school boxing team. We go in big for boxing here. Maybe you've heard of “Dynamite Dugan” and “Young Yancey” who came from here. Anyhow there's always a crowd out for the team, and elimination bouts are held to reduce the number of candidates.

Sheim Anderson, one of the two amorous juniors, is a rugged kid with unkempt flaxen hair, thick eyebrows that meet over the bridge of his nose, and bull neck. He saw Nickey first, but nobody has options on Nickey—she's always in circulation. Bill Lorimer, the other apex of the love triangle, is tall and not bad looking, with dark, wavy hair and a flashing smile. He began to rush Nick, taking her to a College Inn dance and the Bijou both in one week. We thought Sheim was about washed up, but he came back strong the next week with two basketball games and a movie. Then both settled down to vigorous training for the elimination bouts, each inspired no doubt by the blonde object of his affections, each promising evil to the other if perchance they should meet as opponents.

Well, pairings were made and Dame Fate or something matched Anderson and Lorimer for the Friday bouts. I guess everyone knew what Nickey would do then, and she did it. News spread about the campus that the winner of the fight would be awarded a date with Nickey for the big Phi Upsilon dance the following Monday—the social event of the year. Leave it to Nickey! Two men fighting for her. Knights jousting for the hand of a fair princess. It was plain old-fashioned melodrama.

Of course, the gym was packed for the fight. Close to starting time Nickey, dripping with importance and hauteur, walked in on the arm of the math dote of the college, who wears goggles and uses big words. They sat in ringside seats—near a neutral corner.

Lorimer was first to enter the ring. He bounded easily through the ropes and flashed a confident smile at Nickey. He looked good—like an Adonis, with smooth muscles rippling under his bronzed skin. Then Anderson crawled through the ropes, saluting with gloved hands clasped above his tousled head, and looking more massive than ever. He walked over to the edge of the ring and yelled something at Nickey, holding up two tickets—dance tickets, the optimist.

The referee warned about a few improprieties the Sunday School of boxers does not advocate, which neither Lorimer nor Anderson paid any attention to as both were ogling at Nickey. The bout was to be a four rounder.

At the bell they fly at each other like panthers too long restrained, exchange a few blows, and then lapse into an exhibition of interpretive dancing, which is not what the cash customers have paid to see. Naturally the spectators are rather peeved and cheer lustily a la Bronx. In between rounds Nickey pouts, and won't look at either suitor. Huh, if that's all they care for her, the sissies!

Snubbed and somewhat ashamed, the boys begin to mix it in the second round. Lorimer, fairly clever with his hands, begins to push lefts into Anderson's face. Sheim is the slugger type and roundhouses begin to churn the air, but Lorimer avoids them, easily. Lefts—one, two, three—in Sheim's face. Now a right and three more lefts. A crimson flow issues from Sheim's mouth. Like a maddened bull he snorts about the ring, swinging at a will-o'-the-wisp that can punch. Now his right eye looks like a burnt cream puff. Bill Lorimer is grinning as he continues to make raw porterhouse of Sheim's face—Sheim the Big, Sheim the Mighty, who could mash this grinning hyena into a pasty pulp, if only he could hit him. Over near Nickey's seat Sheim is driven, awkwardly striving to shelter himself from the hail of blows that pepper him. Lorimer is delighting in his triumph and turns to flash one of those dazzling smiles at Nickey, who is somewhat horrified herself—a smile which soon proves to be as out of place as a horsefly in Detroit. For right then Sheim Anderson remembers the already-purchased dance tickets, and from somewhere behind his back starts a last haymaker that sweeps out over our heads in the audience. (Howie Howell said afterwards that he could smell the leather burning way back in the last row). The blow encounters Lorimer in the very center of the smile. Now when one of Sheim Anderson's haymakers is interrupted in the process of making hay, the interruption does not rise; no, not even if he wants to. Sheim won the fight.

I was in the dressing room afterwards when Nickey elbowed her way in to award the dance date officially.

“Ooh, Sheim,” she thrilled, “you fought perfectly mar—why Sheim, look at your face, it's,—it's—a sight. You won't be able to take me to the dance. I—I won't go with you.”

And, fickle woman, she turned on her heel and fled—fled with angry tears to Bill Lorimer's dressing room, while poor Sheim gaped open-mouthed.

“Bob, Bobby,” she sniffed, “I want to go to the dance with—well, what—where are your teeth? And look at your lips. They're puffy-puffy. You look so funny, absolutely ridiculous.”

And, silly woman, she laughed 'midst her tears,—a long, ringing laugh.

Well, the story ends there. I think, hidden in its lowest depths there may be a moral, about the fickleness of women, or blondes, or something. And I might add that Nickey finally did go to the Phi Upsilon dance. Of course. She's always got someone on the string. She went with—well, I won a ten spot on the fight, and Sheim sold me his tickets cheap, and besides I guess I sort of like them blonde—and dizzy.

IN PURSUIT OF SALVELINUS FONTINALIS

A PICTURE of an ideal trout stream would be impossible to draw. Every fisherman has his own idea of what constitutes the ideal waters and best conditions. To some it is the month of May with her soft warm breezes and a touch of green in all nature. Some prefer June with the lower water and longer evenings, humming with insects.

Some votes get cast for July, with her thunderheads casting shadows on the swift rills and runs, when the speckled beauties seek spring holes and the shaded deep. And some swear by August, the leaves drooping a little, the stream a crystal clear trickle over the stones, and the hot days fleeing before the crisp cool, starlit nights.

But foremost among the disciples of Izaak Walton is our plain "worm dunker". You know, the fellow who goes out and wets his line on the opening day. The leaves aren't out; the May flowers aren't out; perhaps the sun isn't out. But the fisherman is, and thereby hang one million tales of opening day.

Often this is nothing more than ritual. The line is dampened, the fingers are nipped with cold, and the fishing is over till more salubrious times.

You know what those April days are like. The trees are leafless, the waterplants and grasses are brown, and there are still accumulations of last autumn's leaves in the back waters and eddies. The snow water in the streams boils over the banks, and your favorite pools have been cut up and disfigured by grinding ice and sweeping freshets. The clouds spew forth snow and rain indiscriminately, and ice forms on your rod and line guides.

To be sure this isn't a picture to tempt the poor in spirit from the comforts of the fire-side, but it holds a challenge which any fisherman worthy of his title cannot refuse.

You are bound to receive advice like this, "Fish up stream for trout. Use a long, light leader. Dark flies for light days and the opposite. Never give artificial motion to a dry fly. Now this here 'royal coachman' of mine, blah blah—etc."

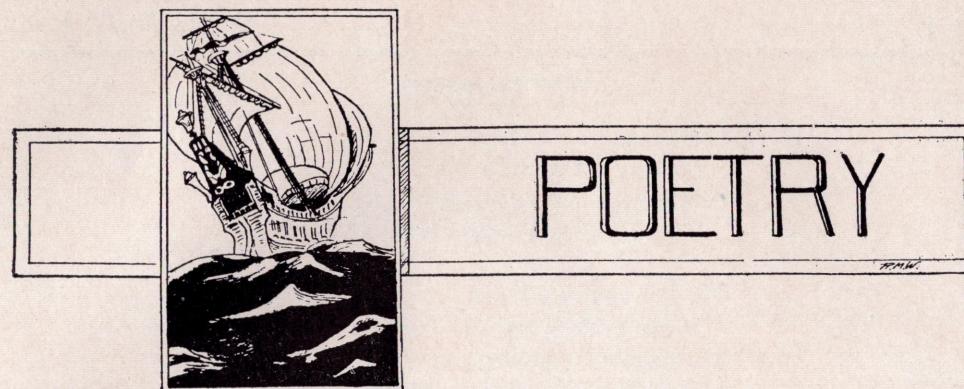
This fellow who is so free with his definite rules for obtaining a full creel is generally a Morris chair fisherman. You know his type; he fishes one week in the year and for the other fifty-one weeks tells about the big one that got away.

There can be no ironclad rule for us disciples of Walton any more than we can find our piscatory Paradise with the streams literally overrunning with twelve inch beauts.

There is no weakness of spirit to waft from the stream the fisherman, who gives battle to the April elements. This month will test the mettle of the stoutest and call upon every reserve of skill. 'Tis the month when ability and endurance must guide the supple rod.

Robert Slater '35

*With the available money, I vote for these three books for the
School Library:*



SONG FOR BERKSHIRE WEATHER

"A lovely day," the neighbors say,
"But keep your fingers crossed;
Those clouds, you know,
They may mean snow—
Or just another frost."

Refrain:

Snow in summer, rain in winter,
Hailstorms in July—
Anyhow, this Berkshire weather
Makes the seasons fly.

"It looks like rain!" you then exclaim,
"Or else the skies will clear;
The sun I see,
It seems to me
It's shining over here."

Refrain:

Sun on Monday, sun on Tuesday,
Trees are getting green;
Then a storm, and all the branches
Have an icy sheen.

So then you fret, might even bet
On what results will be;
There's no sure thing,
The day will bring
An earthquake, probably!

Refrain:

Snow in summer, rain in winter—
Strange how warm the sun—
Do you really mean to tell me
Summertime has come?

Mary O'Boyle '35

APRIL

I stood upon a hilltop
 Looking out upon the lea
 And viewed a scene which fairly
 Took my breath away to see.

The sky was blue above me,
 While beneath and all around
 The grass was growing greener—
 A plush carpet on the ground.

The first birds of the season
 Twittered sweetly in the trees,
 And the fresh, cool scent of Springtime
 Could be smelled on every breeze.

As I remained there, gazing,
 Drinking deep of April's bliss,
 It was thrilling to be living
 In a universe like this.

Roberta Bufo '35

SIGNS OF THE SEASON

Feet that once wore overshoes
 To trudge the snowy pavement,
 Now are skipping "Double-Dutch"
 While robins chirp amazement.

Every sidewalk holds the mark
 Of hopscotch's mystic symbol,
 Roller skates go whizzing by
 On children's feet so nimble.

Spring, to them, is more than birds,
 And buds and skies and flowers—
 Spring is freedom from the snow
 For Summer's happy hours.

Mary O'Boyle '35

 In Memoriam

"Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
 Approaching through the darkness, called."



ELIZABETH KELLY

FEBRUARY 1933

OFFICE 1933-35

" . . . and that clear-featured face
 Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
 But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

er J. Cook; Assessor, Wesley Ward; School Committee, Hadley Turner; library trustee, Mrs. Mary Turner; tree warden, Edward Erickson; cemetery commissioner, George Gibson; auditor, Robert Rhoades; constable, Clinton Stalker; town agent, Ralph J. Rhoades.

The list of appropriations follows: Town officers, \$1600; schools, \$20,375; fire department, \$300; highways and bridges, \$6859; public welfare, \$4000; library, \$500; snow fences, \$250; snow plow, \$680; old age assistance, \$3500; interest school notes, \$1150; cemeteries, \$300; interest, \$900; contingent fund, \$2000; snow removal, \$1500; Tax Collector, \$400; ERA material, \$800; insurance, \$900; school note, \$2500; town physician, \$1500.

DISTRICT COURT

District court cases involving Joseph Elso of East Street and Albert Cardone of Francis Avenue, charged with receiving stolen goods, were again continued this morning and will be heard Thursday. It is alleged the two men received cigarettes stolen from the Clark Grocery Company, Depot Street. Not guilty pleas entered by each defendant stand. Attorney Michael L. Elsner appears for Elso and Attorney Francis J. Quirico for Cardone.

The charges of cruelty to dumb animals brought against Michael Post of Hinsdale by T. King Haswell, agent for the S. P. C. A., were dismissed when Judge Charles L. Hibbard was informed conditions had been improved at the Post farm.

Earl Noel of 312 Dalton Avenue, charged with a statutory offense pleaded not guilty and the case was continued until April 20. He was released under bonds of \$300. Noel was arrested by Detective William P. McCormick on a warrant. Attorney Maurice B. Rosenfield appeared for the defendant.

—Obituary—

Miss Elizabeth Kelly

Miss Elizabeth Kelly, 19 years old, died last night at her home, 19 South Merriam Street, after a short illness. Death was attributed to pneumonia. Miss Kelly was born at Newport, N. H., but spent practically her entire life in Pittsfield.

She was graduated from Pittsfield High School in the class of 1933. She attended St. Mark's Church. The survivors are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly; three sisters, the Misses Evelyn, Helen and Margaret, and two brothers, Thomas L. and Edward Kelly, all of this city.

The funeral will be held Thursday morning at 9 at St. Mark's Church with a solemn high mass of requiem. Burial will be in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

The funeral of Tracy A. Brock will be held tomorrow morning at 8:30 at the home, 238 Second Street and at 9 at Notre Dame Church with a high mass of requiem. Burial will be in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

The funeral of Michael Haggerty will be held tomorrow morning at 8:30 at his late home, 28 Plymouth Street and at 9 at St. Mark's Church with a high mass of requiem. Burial will be in the family plot in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

The funeral of Luigie Antonangeli will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 at the home, 948 Elm Street. Burial will be in the Pittsfield Cemetery.

In Memoriam Notices Cards of Thanks and Anniversary Masses

May be telephoned to The Berkshire Evening Eagle any time up to noon of publication. Phone 1811.

Card of Thanks.

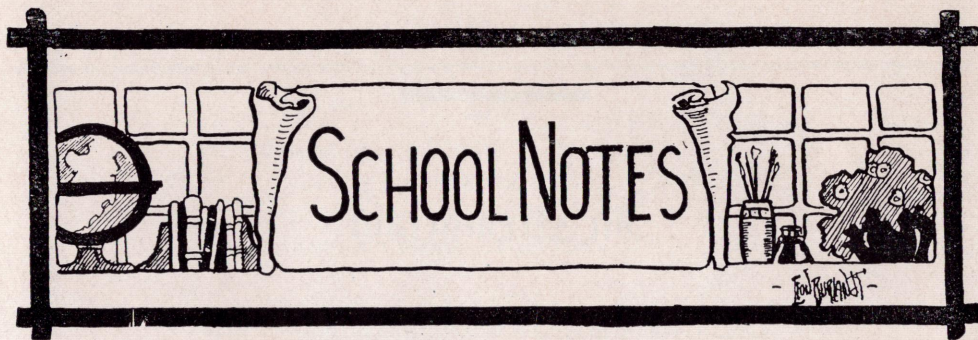
BOYER—We wish to thank our friends, relatives and neighbors for their kind sympathy and beautiful floral tributes during the loss of our baby, Shirley. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boyer.

RESPECT AND CONFIDENCE

in the modern funeral
of gracious service
time of bereavement.

NEWTON & BARNES
FUNERAL

Dial 2-3355



COMING

A tea dance, the last in the series of afternoon parties, will be given on Thursday, May 9, under the sponsorship of the physical training teachers, Miss Margaret Ward, Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin, and Mr. John T. Carmody.

The semi-annual gala affair, the Junior Promenade, will take place the week of May 27. P. H. S. students are promised a bigger and better prom than ever.

The annual exhibitions of the Physical Training department are well on their way to perfection. The Girls' Exhibition, under the direction of the Misses Elizabeth McLaughlin and Margaret Ward, is to be presented Friday evening, May 3, while the Boys' performance, according to Director John T. Carmody, is scheduled for Monday, May 6.

MOVING PICTURES

On April 8 the Biology students witnessed moving pictures on the various kinds of flowers found in New England. On April 9 Dr. Deutsch of St. Luke's Hospital showed pictures illustrating respiration.

EXAMS

College Board classes in English, French, History, Mathematics, and Science, are meeting regularly after school to give the candidates for examination additional coaching.

SENIOR A'S!

The play committee, consisting of Charles Giftos, chairman, Winifred Gustafson, Roberta Bufe, Marilyn Cooney, Barbara Gamwell, Virginia Bickford, Leslie Abell, Walter Burghardt, and Gerard Kallman, has chosen J. M. Montgomery's comedy, "Nothing But the Truth", as the Senior presentation. Miss Margaret Ward is acting as coach. The plot, one of the most hilarious yet presented, concerns one Bob Bennett, who, with his fiancée's \$10,000 charity money, bets her father that he himself will answer any question put to him for twenty-four hours. The father, not knowing what money is backing the proposition, but realizing that he must double his daughter's charity money if it reaches \$20,000, accepts—and thereby hangs many a situation until the final laugh.

The characters are as follows:

Bob Bennett	John "Bud" Prodgers
E. M. Ralston	"Ray" Carmel
Gwen Ralston	Winifred Gustafson
Ethel Clark	Virginia Bickford
Richard Donnelly	Gordon "Bud" Holden
Clarence Van Deusen	Charles Giftos
Mrs. Ralston	Mary Kidney
Mabel Jackson	Florence Moffie
Sabel Jackson	Barbara Heidel
Bishop Doran	Robert "Bud" Ford
Martha	Margaret Knight

The publicity committee of the Senior Play, which consists of George Haylon, chairman, Abraham Michelson, and Roland Langdon, is sponsoring a telegram contest and plans a preview of the play.

George Betts, chairman, has chosen the following people for his Senior Play ticket committee: Dorothy Kolman, Doris Evans, Henrietta Amazon, William Carr, George Krause, George Hill, William Mann, Nicholas Wowk, Jean Vangelisto, Ralph Simmons, Francis Roberts, and Frank Mlynarczyk.

The committee for Senior A pictures is: Joseph Muhauski, chairman, Edna Solak, Walter Duda, and Machislaw Ciskowski.

Thomas Enright, chairman, has chosen for his Class Day committee: Dorothy Berard, Ruth Kallman, Catherine Donna, Carmella Coltrara, Margaret Flynn, Virginia Walker, Louise Hayward, Fred Hogan, Peter Barreca, Clark Hanna, Joseph Mooney, and Alfred Haddad.

SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

At the recent Sophomore assembly, the latest of those held at the beginning of each semester to acquaint incoming Sophomores with the various school functions, the following program was presented, with Francis Lusignan, president of the Senior class, presiding: The speakers included Mr. Strout, address of welcome; Betty Bickford, invitation of membership from the STUDENT'S PEN; Charles Kline, the function of the Debating Club; Peter Barreca, the work of the band; George Haylon, boys' athletics and the intermural council. The band entertained with a musical selection and a dance was presented by a group of girls under the direction of Miss McLaughlin. Mr. Carmody's tumblers also exhibited their technique.

TECHNICAL

Boys in the senior class who were interested in Worcester Tech made a visit to that institution on April 27 in company with Mr. Ford.

FORENSIC GOSSIP

The annual county debate was held April 10. The affirmative team of P. H. S. debated the negative team of Lee at Pittsfield, while our negative team debated the Stockbridge affirmative team in that town.

Those on the affirmative team of Pittsfield were Donald Harrington, Richard Burdick, William McEachron, and alternate, Charles Miller. On the negative team of Lee were James Burt, Anne Deeley, Elizabeth Diamond, and alternate, Hazel Polard.

Those of the negative team were Seymour Kolman, Daniel McDonald, Charles Kline, and Armand Feigenbaum, while those of the Stockbridge affirmative team were Samuel Milligan, Etta Kent, Helen Cordes, and Victoria Barnes, alternate.

The Lee High School team was the victor over the P. H. S. team by a vote of 2 to 1, the judges being Mr. Harold McDonough of Lee, Mr. Allen of Dalton, and Mr. Henshaw of Pittsfield.

P. H. S. though defeated at home, was successful in Stockbridge by a vote of 2 to 1. Mr. Joseph Franz, Mr. Elmer Davenport, and Mrs. William King judged this contest.

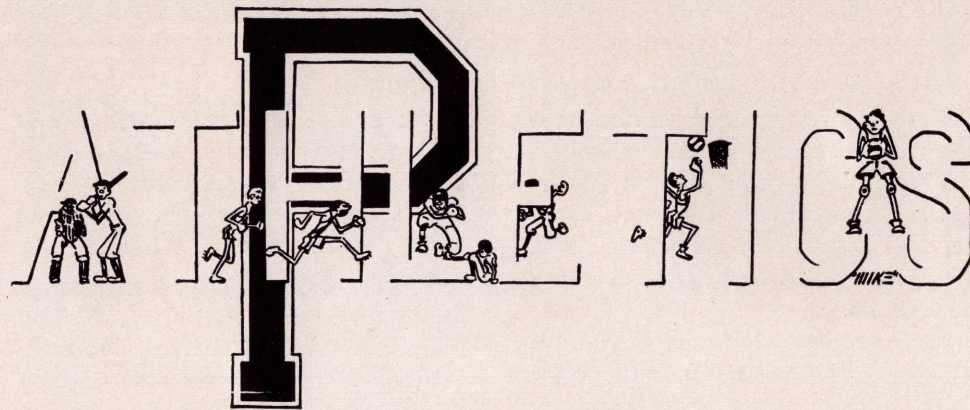
Daniel Secunda of the debating club served as chairman at the home debate.

The speakers were allowed eight minutes for main speeches and four minutes for rebuttal.

We, the students of Pittsfield High School, congratulate both our opponents and our own teams on their excellent work.

NEWCOMER

P. H. S. welcomes Mr. Walter Reagan, who is taking the place in the Commercial Department, vacated by Mr. Joseph Nugent, who has been appointed to the principalship of the Pontoosuc School.



SPORT TID-BITS

IN the spring a young man's fancy turns to . . . in P. H. S. it seems to be track and baseball . . . if you consider the zeal and assiduity with which candidates work and vie for team berths. Coach Stewart is striving to shape an eager group into a smooth-functioning diamond machine, and Coach Carmody is industriously welding together another champion Berkshire County track team; and by the way, Coach Carmody declares he is "very well satisfied with the showing made by the gym team at the Lynn meet. Aren't we all?"

Eighteen would-be pitchers answered the initial summons for baseball aspirants . . . the sprinters are eagerly awaiting the opportunity to christen the new cinder path at Clapp Park . . . maybe we'll have some home track competition this year . . . at this writing the track team is without a captain as Bill Dominick, elected last season, has been graduated. There are two Bill Evanses out for baseball . . . old rocking chair has got Bunker Hill . . . he has passed the age limit and is ineligible for further high school competition . . . and therefore will not be with the tracksters this spring. Don't say that George Betts isn't versatile . . . after pastiming with the football and basketball teams, he has transferred his abilities to baseball and track . . . and just for variety is writing excellent sports items for the PEN . . . and heading the sale of Senior Play tickets. The intramural basketball schedule has been cancelled . . . an attempt has been made to bring the picture "Play Ball!" to the school . . . a film showing big league players in action, with explanations and remarks by Umpire George Moriarity.

TRACK

Coach Carmody's track squad is practicing daily indoors in preparation for its coming meets. As soon as the weather permits the team will train outdoors. Three definite meets are scheduled; namely, Williams Freshman at Williamstown, on May 11; Western Massachusetts at Springfield, on May 25; and Berkshire County at Williamstown, on June 1. The Wilbraham and R. P. I. meets have been cancelled as the dates conflict with the Western Massachusetts and Berkshire County meets respectively. An endeavor will be made to secure other contests in place of these. The prospects for the track team are considered very favorable.

BASEBALL

In response to Coach Stewart's call for candidates, about 90 aspirants reported. It will be a difficult task for Coach Stewart to build a capable team around the four remaining veterans, Captain Steve Trepasz, catcher; Harold Williams, outfielder; Joseph Majchrowski, outfielder; and James Ferry, shortstop. The team is badly in need of good hitters and pitchers. However, Coach Stewart can be relied upon to unearth the best material obtainable from the baseball candidates.

The Pittsfield High School Baseball Schedule is as follows:

- May 11—Lenox School (Home Game)
- 18—Williamstown High
- 22—Drury High (Home Game)
- 25—Dalton High
- 31—Dalton High (Home Game)
- June 5—Adams High (Home Game)
- 8—Adams High
- 12—St. Joseph's (P) (Home Game)

GYM TEAM

The Pittsfield High School Gym Team came in third at the meet held in Lynn, Massachusetts during this month. The shining lights for our team were Robert Vincent, who finished third on the parallel bars; and Dallard Le Blanc, who placed fourth in tumbling. Although the home team didn't place in many events, they secured third place due to their thorough knowledge of the fundamentals of gymnastics. It must also be remembered that our school was one of the smallest represented, as most of the schools competing were from greater Boston. Much credit must be given to Coach Carmody for this excellent showing.

The gym team, assisted by members of the leaders class, will give their annual exhibition on May 6. Over 50 boys will participate in this affair.

Rae: "You know, Mae, that girl has a very nasty habit."

Mae: "What's that, Rae?"

Rae: "She turns around and looks back every time we pass her on the street."

Mae: "Really! How do you know?"

* * * *

"She says she is twenty years old."

"Must mean twenty light years."

* * * *

She says her face is her fortune. Well, I'm tired of hearing hard luck stories.

* * * *

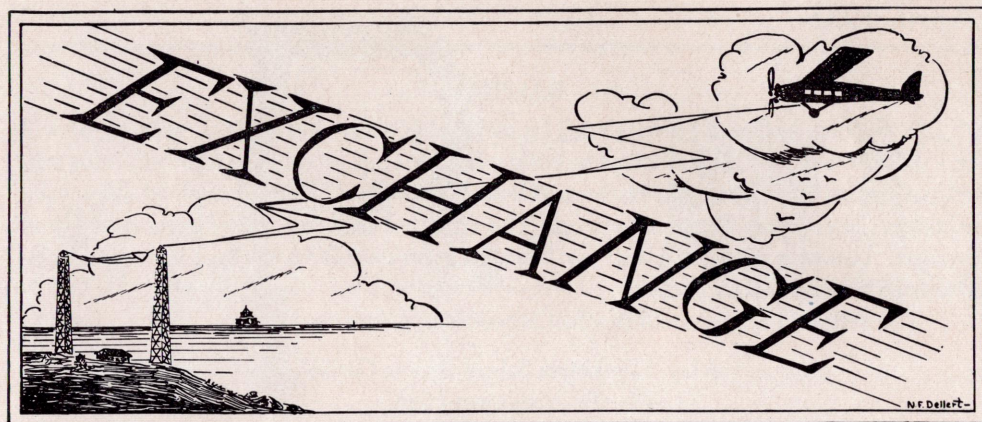
"You get funnier looking every day."

"Well, at least I can; you couldn't!"

* * * *

"What has eight wings and flies?"

"Four birds."



Interlude, Central Senior High School, South Bend, Indiana.

You certainly use a striking cover design. The general arrangement likewise shows good taste and thought. There is one criticism which we would like to make in the interest of improving your magazine. The greater part of the topics are presented in a humorous manner. They are presented either for amusement alone, or for information with catchy phrases, slang, and dialect interwoven. This, of course, makes your magazine very interesting in the beginning, but on the other hand slightly tiresome toward the end. We would therefore suggest that you cut a portion of the humor in the *Interlude*, and substitute in its place a few articles written in a more serious style to contrast with the lighter passages.

Cambridge Review, Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Your editorial dedicated to the freshman class was indeed very interesting. You have a good selection of "Class Notes". They are "extra fine".

School Nooz, Randolph High School, Randolph, Vermont.

"At the Country Fair" was one fine poem and certainly described what a fair is like. "The Reveries of the First Day of High School," which was written by a freshman, is similar to the happenings of our sophomores.

The Garnet and White, West Chester High School, West Chester, Pa.

"The Wise Cracker" is something to be proud of. It certainly contains plenty of entertaining news. Your cartoons are wonderful and you have plenty about sports. "When a Girl Needs a Pal" is keeping us in suspense. We are all anxious to read the conclusion.

The Purple Quill, Galveston, Texas.

Your Literary Department is just brimming over with splendid stories, and we can easily see how interest is stimulated—your literary contest is a fine idea.

The Noddler, East Boston High School, East Boston, Mass.

Your magazine is one that we are proud to number among our exchanges. It certainly has all that makes up an excellent publication—completeness, attractiveness, and life.

Ferncliff Echo, Lee High School, Lee, Mass.

Greetings neighbor! We have found your magazine to be very praiseworthy and wish to congratulate you upon the originality of La Fenetre Francaise section.

April, 1935

[23]

Bennett Beacon, Bennett High School, Buffalo, New York.

Your "Nertzery" is a highly amusing feature. In fact, in our estimation, your whole magazine is a splendid example of what the well-planned school publication should be.

Echo, Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Ind.

It was with pleasure that we read the *Echo* from Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Not only did we find your magazine quite complete, but nicely arranged. Your "new dress uniform" is very artistic.

The Record, English High School, Boston, Mass.

This contains some excellent material, but we looked in vain for exchanges. Your "Wit and Humor" tickled our risibilities.

The Red and White from Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H. stands at the "head of the class" for being an excellent magazine in every respect.

Ellen Duxbury

Rosemary Cummings



Mr. Joyce may have had cold feet before the faculty play; but when it came to facing students after it, they got so cold he wore spats. But the ankle awnings don't seem to help much, for he's been wearing them quite a while now.

* * * *

If you want lessons in sarcasm see Mr. Herberg for he sure can "dish it out." Ask his fifth period class—they know.

* * * *

May we know the name of the book you are reading, Mr. Meehan? It seems that every time a student comes near you take great pains to hide it.

* * * *

The old trick of bringing an apple to the teacher would work with Mr. Maloney because, by his own admission, he can be gotten on the right side of after he has eaten.

Mr. Maloney would also appreciate some good jokes, for he promised his 6th period class (Geology) a joke a day and by the ones he's been telling lately he must be running low.

* * * *

Things that make me wonder:

Why Catherine Donna (Ant Kitty to you) and Barbara F. spent most of their vacation at the Museum. Can it be possible they are studying art?

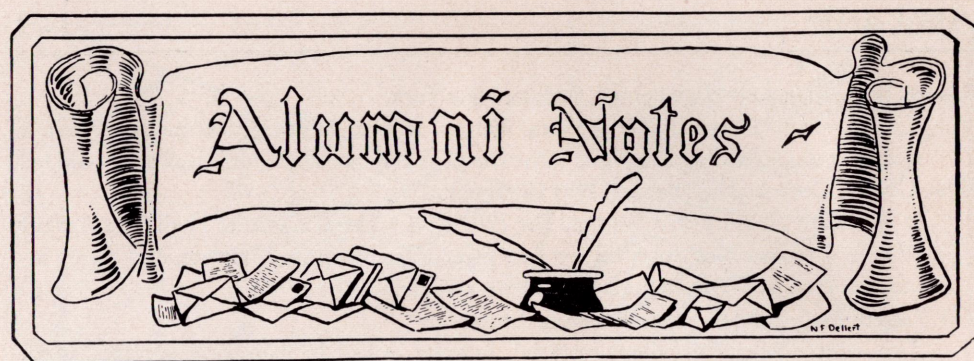
Why so many of our faculty, Miss Casey, Miss Conlon, Miss Reiser, Miss Kelly, and Miss Nugent, found New York so attractive during the vacation? Whatever it was, Miss Morris couldn't find it, for she continued to Atlantic City for her Easter shopping.

Who writes this column?

* * * *

And my nickname of the month will be "Measles" which belongs to Rosemary McNaughton.

Sincerely yours, Len



Williams College has announced the six undergraduates from Pittsfield, all alumni of Pittsfield High School, who have been placed on the dean's list as a result of their scholastic standing. They are: William H. Andrews, a senior; Eugene Dorfman, Albert Schwartz, and Stanley Simkin, juniors; Elihu Klein and C. Wallace Jordan, sophomores. All of these men have an average of five B's or better for scholarship during the first semester.

'31 Olive Hawley, a junior at Oberlin College, is the Junior Councilor for women in Talcott Hall. She is majoring in English and editorial writing.

'32 Calvin Hannum has been appointed cadet master sergeant of R. O. T. C. at Massachusetts State College. This appointment gives Mr. Hannum the highest rank to which a junior may aspire, and makes him the regimental sergeant major.

Betty Norton is majoring in History and English at Bridgewater State Teacher's College. She participates in several school activities.

'33 Jean L. Roser, a sophomore at Bucknell University, has again made the Dean's Honor List. Only students who have an average of at least 85 per cent in their studies are eligible for this list. Miss Roser is a member of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority.

John Roser, also a sophomore at Bucknell University, is living at his fraternity house, Alpha Chi Mu.

Dorothy Alice Dresser, a sophomore at the University of Pittsburgh, was chairman for the Gridiron—a breakfast luncheon given by the Custom's committee for the freshmen before the Notre Dame football game. She is chairman and publicity manager of the Debating Club.

Robert Hawley, a third year man at the University of Cincinnati, is taking a Commercial Engineering course. He is House Manager of Delta Tau Delta and an officer in R.O.T.C.

Francis T. Eddy was one of eleven members of the Brown University band to be awarded special honorary letters for outstanding service in the organization this year.

Vincent Montsinger, a freshman at the University of North Carolina, is taking a pre-dental course preparatory to becoming an oral surgeon. He is a member of Chi Phi, a national fraternity.

John Head, a sophomore at Colgate University, is majoring in psychology. He has joined the fraternity Delta Upsilon.

Eric Stahl has won the distinction of election to the Phi society because of his high scholastic standing at Colgate University.

Sylvia Hendricks, a student at Radcliffe College, is following a purely scientific course; she is taking zoology, anthropology, and geology and will major either in zoology or in anthropology.

'34 Stuart Cosgriff is taking the regular course at Holy Cross preparing for the pre-medical course. He has been cast in the annual college play. This is a great honor for a freshman, but consider the experience he had in P. H. S.

Louis Tagliaferro, who is in the School of Engineering at Northeastern University, is on the Dean's List of honor students for the second marking period.

Lois Fenton is taking a secretarial course at Drew Seminary. She is a member of the Glee Club and is active in the W. W. Social society of the college.

Louise Segar is pursuing an elementary teacher's course at the Framingham State Teacher's college. In the sports line she is active in basketball, in which she takes a lively interest.

Leo Clug of the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry recently attended the annual Frosh Formal. The affair was held in one of Philadelphia's finest private clubs. Probably one of the most brilliant and colorful dances of the social season, it was generally acclaimed a huge success.

We hear good reports from Miriam Mirmow who holds a scholarship at Smith. Miss Mirmow has made the Dean's List. She is majoring in German and studying social welfare.

Grace Tillou, a freshman at the University of Buffalo, is taking the Business Administration course. She is a member of the Glee Club. In the sports field Miss Tillou is a member of the archery and rifle clubs. Her aim is said to offer dangerous competition to her fellow combatants.

Richard Stevenson recently made his debut with the Town Players in their successful presentation of "Seventh Heaven". Mr. Stevenson's handling of the difficult role of the pickpocket, "The Rat", was one of the play's outstanding features. Richard, while at the high school, was connected with THE PEN, and also took part in Senior Dramatics.

Robert A. Shaw has entered the School of Science and Technology of Pratt Institute at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hugh Downey has joined the Garfield Club at Williams College. This club was formed to promote friendlier relations among the student body.

Idalane Dresser '35

Sylvia Feinstock '37

If ignorance is bliss, what a lot of people must be blisters.

* * * *

Pupil: "I read in the paper that a scientist has discovered that singing warms the blood."

Miss Nagle (next to the music room): "He must be right. I've heard singing that has made my blood boil."

* * * *

Milton Chain and Bill Carr are 231's two-man band. Come up 'n hear 'em sometime.

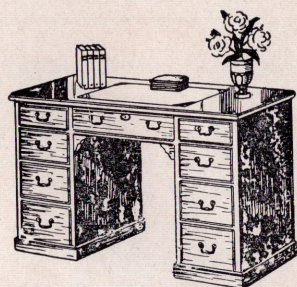
* * * *

Senior: "Do you know Boo?"

Soph: "Boo who?"

Senior: "Don't be such a crybaby."

On the Editor's Desk



(After our own journal:)

It is a wily advertisement, craftily worded. The commodity is described as "something that should be in every home", and the price is sufficiently high to be tempting. After the bait is nibbled, a package is mailed. It houses a pair of snapping turtles with the attached placard: "May they bite as often as some suckers!"

MARCHing to APRIL: Suggested question for a spring intelligence test (guaranteed to keep you awake for a while at least): offhand, the number of stairs at the testee's home? . . . Mr. Knickerbocker of the Grand-Silver Company is a grown-up edition of Winston Budrow. . . . And Abie Michelson is Robert Scully in a large size.

"Extant" is the only adjective we have been able to find in the English language that always follows the noun it modifies. . . Ned Sparks' personality is the exact opposite of his name.

Famous last words: Milton Chain (on "Huey the Abused"): "Let's take you, an honest man, as a horrible example" . . . Mary Kidney: "My marks are down so low they are out of sight." Mr. A. P. Goodwin: "If you like interesting puzzles, you will like trigonometry" . . . Dr. John H. Finley (editor of *The New York Times*): "Journalism is the continuing revelation of the revision of the earth by the Almighty and of His dealings with the sons of men." . . . Miss Hodges: "We pick up the mood of a conversation as it is handed to us." . . . William Lyon Phelps: "No

man who is deeply interested in a great variety of subjects can remain unhappy." . . . Daniel Webster: "Zwieback, zyme, zymotic."

Still on the MARCH: There are more than five miles of walkable territory in P. H. S. If you don't think so, try it some noon.

Add definitions: Faith is a form of purified stubbornness. There are two kinds of people: those who build walls and those who destroy them.

That the STUDENT'S PEN has ceased the printing of the names of editorial writers is a step forward in the likening of this magazine to those successful journalistic endeavors of today which represent what the intelligent American public wants and is reading. Editorials in the school magazine are and should be a powerful expression of student opinion, representing the policies of the organ *behind* the writer and not an individual outlet of enthusiasm for that policy.

We like this conversation:
"A. knows his Bible."
"And B.?"
"B. knows himself."

* * * *

Without evanescent shapes in a quiet pool,
Without the refreshing touch of cool,
moist earth,
Without the half-moon studding the night
like a bronze jewel,
Without the perennial news of the world
in rebirth,
Would there be April?

April, 1935

[27]

Sudden thoughts: He was a man of parts, calm and collected. . . Suggested title for an essay: "How to Live How." Wonder what the past tense of "scram" is? . . . Someone observes that the white tree on Wendell Avenue is like his bulldog: shedding its bark. . . . When puns get to be as bad as that, they're worse.

Overheards:

"What kind of stone is that in your ring?"

"Broque pearl."

"Oh, is that what made it that color?"

* * * *

(Speaking of the picture, "Moby Dick"):

"Who was Ahab?"

"John Barrymore."

Ye formere brilliant editore: "Well, who was Moby Dick?"

* * * *

Best sellers of the month:

Lost Horizon: Seniors

Road of Ages: four years of high school

The Folks: the faculty

Daily Bread: the cafeteria

I Go Wandering: what we can't do during study periods

Listen to This: some of our jokes

They Will Grow Up: the sophomores

Skin Deep: the fair sex's blushes

Retreat from Glory: recent report cards

American Tragedy: some report cards

European Journey: what we should all like to take after those report cards

Through Space and Time: our minds during study periods

Notes We Don't Know What to Do With:

(Mallory's) "True greatness lies, not in fighting upon every trifling occasion, but in finding provocation in the very smallest thing where honor is involved." (Dr. Finley, again:) "Words are the most powerful thing in the world. . . and will be so until . . . the last Trumpet of Gabriel has sounded over the radio." The pessimist's viewpoint: Nothing recedes like success. The optimist's viewpoint: The sun is just as real as the clouds.

You would not knock

The jokes we use,

If you could read

Those we refuse.

Book titles are best remembered if taken from a bit of poetry. Spring is in the air, eh?

Stray thoughts: The above.

Where Nothing Ever Happens: class meetings

Primrose Path: to the office

Roman Spring: April in Room 110

Fifty Years a Surgeon: what the proctors of the infirmary feel like

Things to Live for: graduation

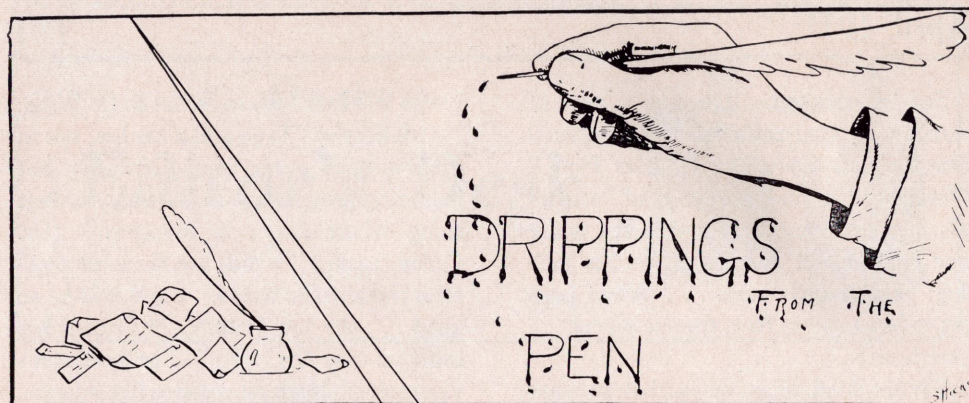
Green Light: our traffic officers' hand waving

Who Gets the Money: end-of-the-week problem

Destination Unknown: a lot of Seniors

So Brief the Years: —at P. H. S.

Come and Get It: lunch in the cafeteria



No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for someone else—
Dickens.

* * * *

"The doctor will see you inside," said the nurse to the patient as she helped him on the operating table.

* * * *

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

* * * *

Mr. Murray: "What is the vocabulary of every girl in this class?"

Baby face Senior: "I don't know."

Mr. Murray: "Exactly!"

* * * *

As a consolation to those who suffer from springtime head colds we say: that's better than having nothing there at all.

* * * *

Mr. Conroy (showing his pupils in Chemistry one of the many experiments): "If I should let a drop of acid fall into this solution we would be blown through the roof! Now follow me closely."

Have you heard the Eleventh Commandment? If not, ask Mr. Maloney what he always says to his classes before a test.

* * * *

Sophomore: "I don't know what to do with my week-end."

Senior: "Put your hat on it."

* * * *

Mr. Meehan does not seem to appreciate the publicity he received on this "notable page" some time ago so we shall endeavor to find interesting news elsewhere than in famous Room 147. Maybe we could try 306 ! ? ? ? ?

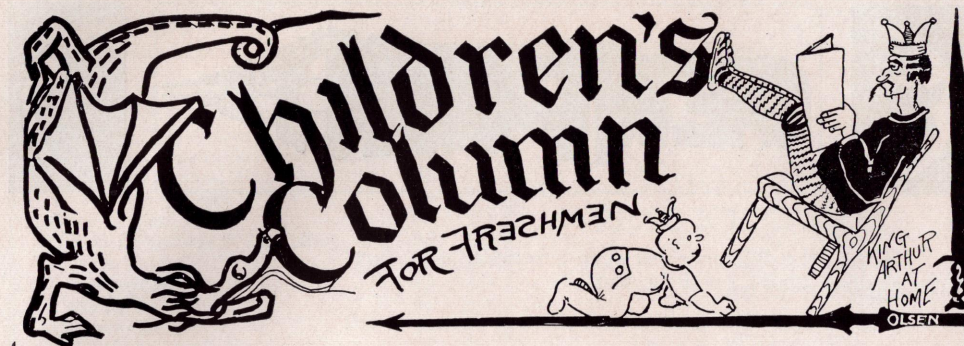
* * * *

Did you know that—"A certain" United States History teacher really has a more extended vocabulary than "define, who, when, where, why, how, and results?"

* * * *

Mr. Carey: "When did Napoleon defeat the greatest number?"

Student: "Why, on examination day."



a fairy tale

ONCE in the dear dead past when hopscotch was the current pastime two sophomores were indulging in said sport and were having a somewhat lively altercation (no edgar i'm not swearing, why the very idea.) as to whether a stone halfway between twosies and threesies (two and a halvesies) should be considered in. they had just about reached the hair-pulling stage when a bespectacled junior with a great many (3) books under his arm rushed up on a pair of hastily borrowed rollerskates and hissed dramatically "cheese it a willyboy". when our heroes heard this they took to their heels in terror and as far as i know they are still running. moral: never do your homework. it doesn't pay.

and now if you children will refrain from tearing up your papers in my desk, i don't want them and eat your jellybeans in the cafeteria if you can't smuggle them out, and never skip skool except on saturdays, i will tell you another fairy story next month.

the stewdint's fren'
ant kitty

AUNT KITTY'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MR. JOHN E. JOYCE

Domain: 202

Subject: English

Great accomplishment: *Once* read a book seventeen (17) times.

Famous saying: "All hands on deck!!!!!!!!!"

Second ditto: "Here's the thing in a nutshell. . . ."

Present pastime: Taming shrews.

MR. THOMAS F. GEARY

Domain: 104

Subject: Mathematics

Great accomplishment: Never at any time gave way to any type of expletive when he received a shock by experimenting with the telephone.

Famous saying: "Stop that gabbing."

Second ditto: "After the rest get seats, I'll go see if there's any room in the auditorium for you 10 B's."

Present pastime: Taming sophs. He's also a fugitive from a chin gang.



PENPOINT



"What's the difference between a butcher and a flirt?"

"I give up; tell me."

"The butcher kills to dress and the flirt dresses to kill."

* * * *

We have some dangerous men in our school. Both Mr. Geary and Mr. Meehan are fugitives from chin gangs—to say nothing of Mr. Sheridan.

* * * *

According to Grace Burke (great authority), the difference between the deaths of a barber and sculptor is that one curls up and dies, whereas the other makes faces and busts.

* * * *

Mr. Meehan suggests a change from "Aunt Kitty" to "Aunt Catty". Really, people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

* * * *

The reason most people cheat at solitaire is that they're too darn lazy to deal the cards over again.

* * * *

About 10:23.

Miss Prediger: "Now there's no time for slavery."

* * * *

Miss Millet: "And what can you say for the way you're pronouncing that French?"

Laura Perron: "Pardon my English accent."

* * * *

Miss Prediger: "Don't talk, and think."

"Don't think?"

* * * *

Just imagine! A Senior A thought "He had a morbid propensity for sloth and procrastination" meant "He hated lying."

* * * *

"Mother, mother, we're mentioned in the newspaper!"

"Why, what does it say?"

"Thousands of families eat 'Educator Crax'."

* * * *

Teacher: "What is the plural of hippopotamus?"

Student: "The plural of hippopotamus is h-i-p-p-o—oh, well who'd want more than one anyway?"

* * * *

Miss McCormick: "The interpretation of this poem probably is that the less you have the freer you are."

Voice from the rear: "Boy, am I free!!!!!!!"

April, 1935

[31]

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REAL ICE CREAM

Special Ice Cream Cakes

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There was a young lady from Squeedunk,
Who tasted a P. H. S. Gedunk,

She said, with a smile,

"The Sugar Bowl style" . . .

(We can't think what else rhymes with Squeedunk.)

. . . BUT, the general idea is that she was more than satisfied. Try one yourself at

THE SUGAR BOWL

CORNER NORTH AND MELVILLE STREETS

OVERHEARD AT THE "SUGAR BOWL"

"Oh gee, it's all over the school!"

Guilty Conscience: "What?"

"The roof!"

* * * *

Proprietor (to boy taking a skinny, mongrel pup from "Sugar Bowl"): "What kind of dog is that, my boy?"

Soph: "This is a police dog."

Proprietor: "It doesn't look like a police dog."

Soph: "No, it's in the secret service."

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underwear. Cool and
comfortable

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THE LAKE

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BLUE ANCHOR CLUB

Play Golf at the

PONTOOSUC COURSE

STUDENTS!

Let the Popular Sport Shop
outfit you in sporting goods
this summer. Drop in to

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276 NORTH STREET

In the "Y. M. C. A. Annex"

STUDENTS

Advertising in any magazine is
an uncertain proposition. It can
be recognized as a "sure thing"
in the PEN if you will let the
merchants know you read their
ads.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

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New Ballroom Groups Forming
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CALL ON

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What a picnic place! What a picnic place!
500,859,436 ants can't be wrong.

* * * *

Then there are the people who play the piano or accordion for their own amusement—
but why do they all live near us?

* * * *

An egotist is a guy who attributes his headaches to the variety of his knowledge.

* * * *

Words without song, sung in the "Sugar Bowl."

"O tempora! O mores! O heck!

Homework gives me a pain in the neck."

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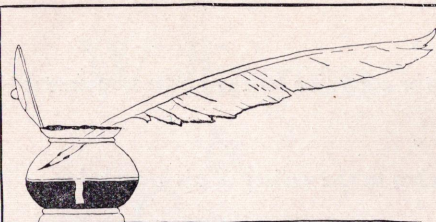
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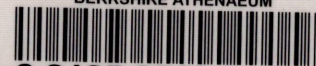


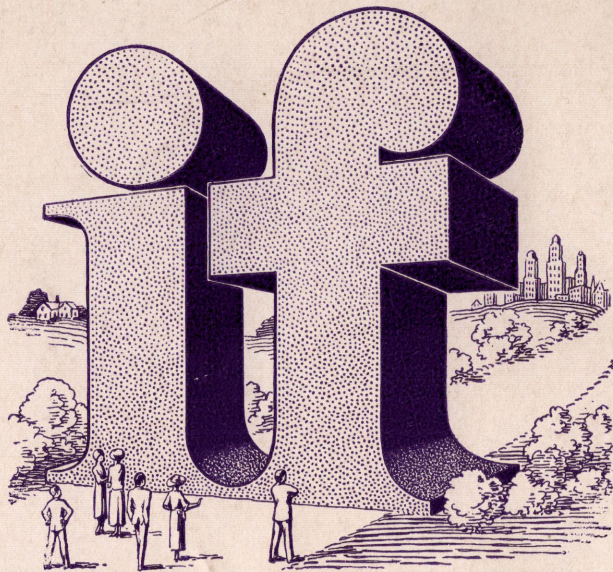
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*Makes Perfection
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Art of Cookery*



**Pittsfield
Coal Gas Co.**





if is the mighty little word that
often causes many regrets;

if I had only started a savings
account a year ago, there
would be no cause for worry
about money for clothes now;

if I had saved I could enjoy a
real vacation with some of my
more thrifty friends;

if is no longer a word of mine!

*I shall open a savings account
today and laugh at regrets*

BERKSHIRE COUNTY SAVINGS
PITTSFIELD BANK MASSACHUSETTS

The Student's Pen



April, 1935